

TUESDAY, SEPT. 15, 1892.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

National Ticket.

For President of the United States, BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

For Vice President, WHITELAND REID, of New York.

State Ticket.

For Secretary of State, S. M. TAYLOR, of Champlain county.

For Supreme Judge, WILLIAM T. SPAHR, of Trumbull.

J. F. BURKE, of Hancock.

For Supreme Court Clerk, JOSHUA B. ALLEN, of Athens.

For Member of Board of Public Works, E. L. LYBARGER, of Cuyahoga.

Judicial Ticket.

For Judge of the Circuit Court, PETER A. LAURIE, of Columbiana.

Congressional Ticket.

For Member of Congress, Sixteenth District, CHRISTIAN L. POORMAN, of Belmont county.

County Ticket.

For Clerk of Courts, HENRY M. DAYTON, of Richland township.

For Sheriff, M. M. SCOTT, of York.

For Auditor, MADISON ALDRIDGE, of Cuyahoga.

For Recorder, T. F. HARRIS, of Somerset.

For Commissioner, A. W. LEE, of Wheeling.

For Inferior Director, C. B. WRIGHT, of Goshen.

For Coroner, J. P. LOMAN, of Putney.

Clipped Editorial Tidbits.

At last accounts Commissioner Peck was feeling tolerably well and the other fellows were walking the floor.

While there's life there's hope, and while there's hope there's cleanliness, and where cleanliness abounds the cholera will not be.

Onk result of Mr. Harrison's administration is that the interest on the public debt is \$11,750,000 less now than when he was inaugurated.

Democratic fusion with the People's party on behalf of Weaver and Stevenson threatens to reduce Grover's slim popular vote to the vanishing point.

Some one should call the attention of the esteemed New York Sun to the fact that Fool Killer Whitney has not as yet permanently disposed of Colonel Don M. Dickinson.

The Hon. James G. Blaine does not write quite so many letters as the Hon. Grover Cleveland, but there is a great deal more "plum" on "em," as Hosea Bigelow remarked.

Where is the man from whom a letter would be to the Democrats what Mr. Blaine's letter is to the Republicans? There are giants in these days, no doubt, but they don't belong to the Democratic party.

SENATOR SHERMAN SINGS up the facts in the one truthful and comprehensive statement that "on the whole, the McKinley law is the fairest and best tariff, not only for revenue, but for protection, that has had a place on our statute books." His letter deserves large circulation as a campaign document.

REPRESENTATIVE COBB, of Alabama, whose maudlin remark, "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" boosted him into national notoriety, has been nominated by the Democrats of the 5th District of that State. He will be opposed by a People's party candidate, and it is believed will have hard sledding to win the race.

WORKINGMEN, stick this fact in your hat: A Bradford, England, worsted manufacturer, who has moved his mills and machinery to this country because of the McKinley law, pays American workmen \$13 a week for operating the same loom at which a free trade English workman only earned \$3.25 a week. The tariff is a question of wages.

If the doctrine of protection to American industry is unconstitutional, as the Democratic platform so boldly asserts, then both the Mills and the Morrison bills were unwarranted and indefensible. Not that they were protective to the same degree as the McKinley law, but because they retained in a measure the protective principle. By the same token St. Jackson seems not to have been a Democrat. Strange what effects follow when "the radical wing" is "on top" in the Democratic party.

If the health officers of New York succeed in warding off the cholera invasion now threatened they will win a victory over an infamous newspaper as well as a terrible pestilence. The New York World has done all that it could to bring Asiatic cholera into New York. Its employees have striven to get on board the infected ships now held at the quarantine station and have succeeded in bringing various papers and letters ashore from the very seat of the plague. This kind of sensationalism is so wicked that decent people ought to shun the World as they do cholera itself.

The so-called enterprise of that sheet which have resulted in what would have been nothing less than murder on a gigantic scale, and it is unfortunate that the men responsible for the attempts to board infected ships can not be confined in pest-houses for the rest of their days.

PUBLIC OPINION.

HARRISON'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE, Pittsburgh Times.

President Harrison has written at length in his letter of acceptance, but has not wasted words. Every one has a meaning, and which every candid citizen should know. He sets forth comprehensively the policies of the Republican and Democratic parties, and the importance of that justifies the time and space which he takes in doing it.

The Republican party devised and perfected a currency system under which a dollar is good for its face wherever it is found in the Union, and even in some foreign countries. The Democratic party propose to overthrow this system by the repeal of the tax on State banks and restore a system under which the "money changer's office was the familiar neighbor of the ticket office and lunch counters."

The Republican Congress, to recover our share of the ocean carrying trade and save the millions paid to foreigners, passed a law to encourage ship-building, and as a result of it sixteen steamers have been built, and four more are under way, which will add six to the naval reserve, as those flying the British flag belong to the British naval reserve. The Democratic party has in its declaration of principles nothing on this patriotic policy, and the Democratic Congress showed hostility to it by refusing to extend an appropriation made for ocean mail contracts with American lines.

The Republican Congress provides for reciprocity, which has been steadily and greatly enlarging our field of trade while not injuring home industries. The Democratic party seeks to overthrow both.

The Republican party in reference to the tariff does not declare for a schedule, but for a principle governing all schedules, the object being to protect the wages of workmen and the prosperity of our industries. The Democratic party has practically declared that if it obtains power it will make a tariff without reference to either.

The President scores a hit which even his opponents will have to acknowledge when he points to the recent Alabama election as an argument in favor of Federal supervision. There was no Republican in the field in the Alabama election. There was no outcry against negro supremacy, yet the very same election methods that were invented to make Alabama Democratic were exercised by the Democratic faction against the other, and men who were elected were defrauded of their offices by ballot box stuffing and false counting. Heretofore this sort of business has been considered a virtuous exercise of public duty in Alabama, but now the outcry from the throats of the faction which was cheated has set the Democrats all over the South to seriously considering whether dishonest election methods are safe weapons to juggle with.

The President's letter throughout is a forceful paper, a comprehensive and admirable exposition of the Republican platform, strong especially in the candor and courage with which it discusses every issue of the campaign, concealing nothing, evading nothing, quibbling over nothing.

DEMOCRATIC HANDICAPS, American Economist.

"We are handicapped by the general prosperity of the country."

That was the despairing comment of a prominent Democratic chieftain, upon the report of the Democratic Labor Commissioner of New York. It reflects pretty accurately the sentiments of the Democratic managers generally. Their stock in trade is calamity. Prosperity is to them what Paris Green is to a potato bug—they shrivel, shrink, and die by its touch.

Handicapped by prosperity! Yes, indeed, you are, Democrats; and here is a brief outline of the weights you must carry:

1. The report of the Bureau of Statistics, showing, instead of strangled commerce, a foreign trade for 1892 larger than ever before in our history; an export trade for the same year amounting for the first time to a billion dollars; an import trade more than half of which is absolutely free of duty, and a lower average tariff rate than under the old law.

2. The report of the Senate Committee showing that the average price of 214 articles of general consumption has declined under the new tariff 0.64 of 1 per cent. by one method of comparison, 1.8 per cent. by another, while in the same time agricultural products have advanced 18.23 per cent., and general wages have advanced 0.75 of 1 per cent.

3. The report of Labor Commissioner Peck, mentioned above, showing that in the great Empire State there was an increase in the amount of wages paid during the first year of the McKinley tariff of \$6,377,925 over the year before; that production increased \$31,315,130, and the average yearly earnings of employees increased \$23.11 in the same time, while 285,000 individuals had advanced 18.23 per cent., and strikes were 1740 less numerous.

4. The report of the Democratic Superintendent of the Banking Department of New York State, showing the deposits in savings banks on July 1, 1892, had increased \$86,882,516.35, while the same on January 1, 1889, while the number of depositors has increased from 1,362,852 to 1,556,133 in the same time.

Here are four weights, one for each leg of the Democratic mule, to hamper him in his hopeless race for the Presidential stars. What a show the ridiculous beast is making of himself, to be sure.

JOHN G. WHITTIER DEAD, Pittsburgh Commonwealth Gazette.

John G. Whittier, the good old Quaker poet, is dead, and though he lived the allotted time and far beyond, thousands will sorrow as his friends at his loss. Whittier's life has been full of love and kindness, and those who knew him personally held him in higher esteem even than those who only knew him through his work, for to them his work had new interest and meaning from his personality.

Probably Mr. Whittier's poetry has had more influence upon the national life of this country than that of any other poet has had upon any other nation in the world. He was one of the first thinkers to recognize the gross evil of human slavery and to portray it. Naturally his position on the slavery question made him unpopular with a great many people, for the anti-slavery sentiment was very weak then. But his poetry won its way, and people who did not like his sentiment read it until their own opinions changed. Much of the credit for the repeal of slavery laws in the North belongs to John G. Whittier.

COL. BUGG'S BLACK GHOST.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"A black ghost in the daytime!" "That's what I said," declared Col. Solomon Bugg, of Kansas, as he sat on the Lake Front and watched the light breeze belly the sails of the numerous yachts in front of him. "A black ghost in the day time?" He paused again with that triumphant glitter in his eye that always distinguishes the man who has waited until everybody has told their experiences and then comes in with one that is intended to make all the rest commonplace.

"A black ghost in the daytime. That is what I saw. It was the strangest ghost experience that any man ever had. People have met with all kinds of ghosts; ghosts with long hair, ghosts with armor on, fat ghosts, lean ghosts, silent ghosts that swoop into a man's room at night and sit on his bedpost and stare at him, ghoulish ghosts that chase a wayfarer along a country road with an infernal clatter, ghosts that hiss through their teeth, ghosts with their throats out from ear to ear, dismembered ghosts, and I once heard of a ghost with only one leg, who spent all his spare time weaving because he couldn't stalk, and was finally confined in the Home for the Aged and Weak-minded Spooks.

"But all the ghosts I ever read or heard about were white ghosts, and appeared invariably at night. The only one I saw was the black ghost of Colorado that I saw this black ghost."

"Do you know the solitude, the awe-inspiring silence of mountain scenery on a summer's afternoon? On all sides tower sheer activities, and sun-glint precipices with their monster foreheads peer into the Stygian gulf below. Everywhere the same gloomy silence, the solitary audible sound, the chattering brook, renders only more desolate. The garish sun strikes a distant summit with rays aslant, or plays among the dead, gaunt yellow pines at the timber line. At your feet a fern is struggling for a footing in the crevices of a broken boulder, while here and there a ragged bush, with scant and lingering foliage, lingers unhappily between life and death."

"I was on an afternoon something like this that I suddenly realized that I was in the presence of a singular shape. I am not a man to be frightened as a rule, and took a careful survey of my visitor. He was a man among the trees, but not black, for I could see objects through him, which had been a man, he would have been obscured. He was dressed in miner's boots and clothes. He eyed me carefully and grinned.

"Colonel Solomon Bugg?" he asked in a low, hoarse voice. "Oh, yes," I nodded curiously.

"Bugg," he said, impulsively, coming nearer, and audaciously striding right through a big boulder, "would any well-born person ask a ghost a question?" "Now the gentleman isn't in etiquette that I had not studied up on, and I was at a loss to what to say. I risked the negative. "No," I said.

"No, echoed the ghost; no Bugg, a well-bred gentleman would never ask a reputable ghost a question. You are a fool, I say, and I am not Bugg; the ghost asked, anxiously.

"I hope so," I said, in mock dignity. "And you wouldn't ask me a question, would you, Bugg?" "Not for the world."

"A look of great satisfaction settled down on the ghost's countenance. "You'd like to know why I am a black ghost, eh, Bugg?" "Yes."

"And why I appear in the daytime, eh, Bugg?" "With pleasure."

"He was standing all this time, and as he seemed to be a stickler on etiquette, I asked him to be seated. He shook his head sadly, and muttered in reply: 'Left my seat.'"

"He smoke," thought I, "does he have to smoke himself to sit down?" The ghost caught the look of inquiry in my eyes.

"Bugg! Bugg!" he yelled, "you are going to ask a question?" "I insisted."

"He gazed down then and proceeded: "You see, Bugg," he said, "I was a miner. I was born in a mine, lived in one, and died there. I never saw light of the sun, and the bright, blinding rays of the sun, I don't suppose that I had more than six months of outdoors in my life. Well, you see, after I died and found I had to do the ghost act, I raised a kick then and there. 'Look here,' I protested, 'I had to live in the dark all my life, and I'm blasted if I am going to prow around in the night in death. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. I want to stalk in the daytime.'"

"Aha," made answer the Grand Chancellor of the Ancient and United Order of Spooks, "but a ghost couldn't be seen in the daytime. A white ghost in the daytime would be a dead failure, my boy."

"Yes," said I, "but a black ghost in the daytime, what about that?" "You might try it," said the Grand Chancellor.

"That was my story," and the dark ghost shifted his feet and started away off into the distance for fully two minutes.

"Bugg," he said again, impulsively, "show does my head look?" "All right," said I, although it looked all wrong, as a bee sailed through it as I spoke.

"It hurts, Bugg," the ghost said, "I'm treating it for catarrh," my physician, I mean. I don't believe he knows what he is about. The first thing and it will run into consumption, and there will be another dead ghost round."

This information was astounding, but I said nothing.

"Now, this morning," the ghost continued, he took a tub of blue ink, added cayenne pepper, two quarts of asafetida, and three pounds of fresh garlic, and heated it boiling hot."

"Then he called me in," the ghost went on, "unscrewed my head and dropped it in."

"Unscrewed your head and dropped it in," I cried. "Great Caesar's ghost, and what did he do with it?" "There was a shrill shriek, a stifled gurgle, and the black ghost was gone. My tongue had slipped, I had asked a question, and the black ghost vanished into the sunlight, and I never saw him more."

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

"My kidneys are all right; I have no pain in my back." Mistaken man! People die from kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are nearly destroyed, and yet they have never had pain or an ache. Why? Because the disease began in the interior of the kidneys where they are not nerves of feeling to convey the sensation of pain. Dr. Kilmers' "Swamp-Root" is the great specific for "Bright's Disease," urinary troubles and kidney difficulties. Sold by druggists.

SEWAGE OF LONDON.

IT IS TAKEN OUT TO SEA AND SCATTERED OVER THE WAVES.

Results of a Modern System of Disposing of the Great City's Sewage—The Method of Separating the Sludge from the Effluent—Clean Ships.

"Oh, how unpleasant! The idea of going to sea with sludge!" On the contrary, you know nothing of it. The deck of the sludge ship is broad and clean; the deck house or "saloon" small but comfortable; on the bridge a fresh breeze is blowing; the sunlight sparkles brightly in the ruffled surface of the river, and you scarce can realize that this fine steamer is carrying a thousand tons of London sludge out to sea. Yet such is the fact. The idea that the "mud barges" of the county council, which take out the precipitated portion of London sewage to the Barrow deep, are simply dirty dredges is quite a mistake. They are powerful twin screw steamships, worked by two sets of triple expansion engines, and fitted with three large tanks, kept covered, and absolutely free from nuisance to anybody, even to the seamen on board. They can make two trips out to sea in every twenty-five hours, steaming about ten knots, and, as a matter of fact, they throw up of 41,000 tons of sludge in a week.

The sludge is precipitated by treating the sewage with lime and sulphate of iron. First, six huge cages catch debris, such as sticks and dead rats and cobs, which drain London. This rubbish is burned in destructors at the rate of something like a hundred tons a week; then the black river of sewage is stirred with lime—or, more correctly, lime water—until the proportion of 84 grains to the gallon. The effect of the lime is to precipitate matter in suspension and solution and also to deodorize. You may take a smelling bottle with you if you like, and with plenty of lime about you will hardly be sick. But walking on along the top of the twenty-seven feet wide sewer, which is probably to become a beautiful boulevard for Barking, one comes to the sulphate of iron "sludge" which is 250 tons at a time are received, and where, after being dissolved in the proper proportion as directed by the chemist in charge, it too, finds its way to the swift river of sewage.

But then comes a pause in the river's mad career. It is admitted through the Penstock chamber—that is, a building with a number of iron gates—to a set of covered precipitating channels, where it is kept for some time. Here, the quietude of the river is broken, and the solid portion, can take full effect, and the clear portion of the liquid at the top—now called the effluent—is left off over the side of a wall at the end of the chamber. The effluent, on the other side, whence, gathering speed again, it rushes to a reservoir, from which at ebb tide it joins the Thames. The sludge passes through pipes from the bottom of the precipitating chamber to another reservoir, whence it is pumped to the tanks in the sludge ships and conveyed to sea.

The effect on the river is most satisfactory. On the testimony of the harbor master it is cleaner now than it has been for some years, while Mr. Thelchum, the chemist at the Barking "out-fall" works, joyfully maintains it has 90 per cent. of oxygen, which it has not rejoiced in for some summers past. But the clean forbes and the source of seaweed at Barking, and the much improved water in the Thames itself, are proofs to the uninitiated of the success of the "new" system.

This system is only now getting into full working order. The county council have added two more ships to the fleet, making now five in all; and they are conveying some 40,000 tons of sludge out to sea every week. Four ships are constantly at work day and night, and one takes its turn every week for painting, repairs, etc., and affording a lighter time for the men. These are sailors, and sleep on board, regular watches being kept, except on twenty-four hours duty in very heavy days, when they are allowed off duty.

The discharging ground of the steamers is the Barrow deep, some miles beyond the North light. The deep is an unused channel, the north bound vessels being obliged to pass to the left and southward ships far to the right. The channel has been buoyed by the council, and no captain may commence discharging until he has passed the North Knot buoy. The discharge is quickly effected by opening valves in the vessel's bottom; the principle being much the same as that used on the self-emptying lifeboat—which, indeed, is an adaptation of the law that water finds its own level, the bottom of the tanks being built on a level with the water. The valves are easily opened from the deck, and so quick is their action that the whole thousands tons can be discharged in seven minutes. Generally the vessel occupies but a few minutes in the discharge, and is then ready to receive perhaps steaming ten miles while tidying her strange cargo. The white wake of the ship is discolored, glugs hover over it, and then among the tumbling waves and the fresh breeze the sludge is gone.

The mind can hardly grasp the fact that a hundred million gallons of sewage pour down the huge drains to Barking every twenty-four hours. But if we think for a moment of the immense mass of sludge mud, but for the ships, have been discharged into the Thames between Gravesend and London bridge, and washing backward and forward with the tides, and that this would be always going on month after month, we may begin to have some conception of the benefit gained.—St. James Gazette.

CITY GIRLS WATER THEIR HORSES.

W. H. Hays, a young Irishman near Montpelier, enjoyed himself highly a few days back in watching a couple of city girls attempt to water their horses at the trough at his place. The horses were checked up, and of course could not get their noses into the trough. This seemed to surprise the young ladies at first, but finally realizing the trouble they both got out of the buggy, and going behind lifted up on the hind axle and after raising their wheels clear off the ground peeped around the edge of the vehicle to see the horses drink. Finding that the horses didn't seem to know enough to stick their heads down at the same time they raised the hind wheels one girl reached behind to hold the buggy up and the other went to the horses' heads and tried to pull their noses down to the water.

After laughing till he shook several boards loose from the back of his shop from where he watched the girls' heads till they were red in the face and almost ready to cry, Will went to their assistance and unchecked the horses.

The young ladies gazed at first in bewilderment, and then with a kind of a don't-you-ever-tell look at each other calmly tucked the robe around them, leaned back in their seats, and, after waiting for their horses to drink, drove off, leaving Will to sit down on the corner of the trough and ruminate over the city and her way of doing things.—Mordest Herald.

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Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hard, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all, eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at Patterson's Drug Store, regular size, 50c. and \$1.00. 4

MORE than 200 panels of native woods will enter into the interior decoration of the World's Fair building. Some of them will be carved, and others decorated with paintings of Washington scenery and groupings of flowers, fruits, grains, fish, game, birds, etc.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

The early Christian writers say Paul wrote his first epistle when 46 years old.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Ask your friends about it. 6-2-ly

PLACE 500 earths like ours side by side yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them. Three hundred thousand earth globes could be stored inside the sun, if hollow.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass.

Do you know?

That more ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause—Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and Malaria usually attend it. Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a vegetable specific for Liver Disorders and their accompanying evils. It cures thousands why not be one of them? Take Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator. Your Druggist will supply you.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, and it is certain to cure and does not blister. Read proof below:

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

DR. J. C. KENDALL, Proprietor, 107 N. Main St., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Spavin is the most common and most painful of all the ailments which afflict the horse. It is a disease of the joint, and is caused by the accumulation of a thick, gelatinous substance in the joint, which prevents the free movement of the bones. It is a disease which is often hereditary, and is often the result of injury or overwork. It is a disease which is often cured by the use of Kendall's Spavin Cure.

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